

JUST IN TIME:

A

3 F^{*}c

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

WITH THE GREATEST APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN

By THOMAS HURLSTONE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington-House,
PICADILLY.

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

30



MEN.

Sir Solomon Oddly, - Mr. QUICK.
Barney O'Liffy, - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Stave, - - - - - Mr. MUNDEN.
Commodore Larboard, Mr. WILSON.
Captain Melville, - - Mr. INCLEDON.
Doctor Gamomile, - Mr. FAWCETT.
Le Frizz, - - - - - Mr. FARLEY
Roger, - - - - - Mr. THOMPSON.

WOMEN.

Augusta, - - - - - Miss DALL.
Lady Oddly, - - - - Mrs. WEBB.
Maria, - - - - - Mrs. BLANCHARD.
Judith, - - - - - Mrs. MARTYR.

MEN and WOMEN *villagers, &c.*

TIME, nearly that of Representation.

SCENES, A Village, Sir Solomon Oddly's House
and grounds adjacent.

* * * The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in
the Representation.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
REVEREND HENRY BATE DUDLEY,
RECTOR OF BRADWELL NEAR THE SEA,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE
FOR THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, &c.

REV. SIR,

AMONGST the catalogue of my failings I trust ingratitude will never be found, you will therefore be the less surprised that I take the liberty of inscribing the following trifle to you, as it will ever be my pleasure, and my pride, to acknowledge that, at an early period of my life, I was favoured with your patronage, and have, for some years, enjoyed the honor of your friendship, and as it affords me an opportunity thus publicly to assure you that,

I am,

Rev. Sir,

Respectfully, and sincerely,

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

T. HURLSTONE.

Great Newport-street,
Leicester-square.
Nov. 27, 1792.

P R E F A C E.

THE OPERA of JUST in TIME, was originally a *petit* Comedy in Two Acts, written at a very early age of the AUTHOR, for the *private* Performance of a party of Friends. In this state, without the Writer's knowledge, the Copy was put into the hands of Mr. COLMAN, sen. who was pleased to observe, that it contained too much business, and was too long for an Afterpiece; yet upon the whole, it so far met his approbation, that if it was interspersed with Songs, he would submit it to the *Public* the following Season. This was too flattering a circumstance for the vanity of a juvenile Author to overlook. — Most of the following Songs, &c. were in consequence written; but before they were completed, the unfortunate Indisposition, which deprived the Town of the exertion of that Gentleman's managerial Talents, prevented the Author from receiving the advantage of his promise.

In this state it remained, when the idea suggested to the Writer, that its performance might render his Friend, Mr. MUNDEN, some trifling advantage, and upon that ground, his first *Dramatic Bantling* was submitted to the Public, on the evening of the above deserving Comedian's benefit, last Season. The flattering reception with which it was then honoured, and the interest of a Gentleman, not more admired for his literary abilities than his private worth, by every person who has the happiness to know him, and to whose assistance the Author owes much, induced Mr. HARRIS to bring it forward again this Season. At the opening of the Theatre, the Author had the mortification to find, that his Piece would, from some unavoidable causes, be produced under many disadvantages; he had, however, soon the satisfaction to see it cherished by the unbiassed warmth of general applause; and he has now the pleasure to know, that JUST in TIME has been highly productive to the Treasury of the Theatre, and probably will prove much more so, without the least drawback from the receipts, for the customary aids of Scenery, Dresses, or Decorations.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the friendly exertions of all the Performers, the Author feels himself principally indebted for his success; to Mr. JOHNSTONE, he with pleasure acknowledges his obligation for the words of the first air of *Barney O'Liffey*, and for several judicious hints respecting the idiom of the language of that character.

JUST IN TIME;

A

COMIC OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Village Church ;—on one side a neat Cottage nearly covered with evergreens, &c. Several Villagers seated—employed in twining flowers, &c. Sing the following

CHORUS.

HERE, with Liberty blest, brightest gem of our Isle,
United with Plenty and Health;
At the restless ambition of grandeur we smile;
Content without title or wealth.
When the dawn first appears, and the Lark tunes her lay,
We rise to sweet scenes of delight;
Mirth pleasantly softens the toils of the day,
And with pastime we welcome the night.

FIRST MAN.

And so you shall, my bonny lads and lasses—
I delight to see hand and heart go merrily together
through the labors of the day. These flowers,
Master Stave ordered us, be twined into whirligigs.

FIRST WOMAN.

'Tis all done.—Now sure there are flowers
enough to make the whole copse as fine as a May-
day garland.

SECOND MAN.

Good, my pretty smiling Patty Pumpkin. Now
take all your wares to the May-pole on the
green.

[*Exeunt Villagers, repeating the Chorus.*

B

Enter

JUST IN TIME;

Enter MELVILLE, followed by O'LIFFEY, booted, &c.

MELVILLE.

Thanks to our steeds for their expedition.

[looking at his watch]

O'LIFFEY.

And double thanks to my poor trusty nag, that would rather break his own neck than his master's; we have rode together like two birds of passage, and faster, your honour, than ever dying man rode to a doctor.

MELVILLE.

A doctor to a dying man you mean.

O'LIFFEY.

I mean! Arrah, sure I know well enough what I mean, your honour, isn't it all the same in Irish, so they both come together at last?

MELVILLE.

We are now arrived at the end of our journey.

O'LIFFEY.

St. Patrick be prais'd! for I thought the journey would have put an end to me.

MELVILLE.

As I shall have occasion, O'Liffey, for the immediate exercise of your ingenuity and fidelity, it is necessary you should be made acquainted with the cause of my present excursion.—

O'LIFFEY

By all means, your honour,—you will thus relieve your suffering servant, and privy counsellor, from a variety of strange notions, which have distressed my mind, almost as much as those cursed bogs and up-and-down ways we have passed, have annoy'd my body!—For to confess the truth, I began to think that your honour was riding post away from your senses.

MELVILLE.

Know then—I am in love!

O'LIFFEY.

In love! oh, by my soul, that's riding away from

from your senses, sure enough. I find I was not much out in my reckoning—but may be your honour's love's like my own.

MELVILLE.

How is that, O'Liffey?

O'LIFFEY.

As the gentleman says in the play, "it is as big as the wide ocean!" the devil a petticoat ever I saw that I would not be wishing to scrape an acquaintance with

MELVILLE.

There, O'Liffey, we differ.

O'LIFFEY.

Arrah, be easy, your honour, you won't be after telling me that.

MELVILLE.

Come, come, a truce to your nonsense. The charming object of my passion resides but a short distance from this spot, at the seat of her father, Sir Solomon Oddly.—

O'LIFFEY.

Oddly! by my soul and it is odd sure enough—A citizen—one of the wise men of the East, I suppose, by his comical name.

MELVILLE.

You have hit it, O'Liffey—having amassed an immense fortune as a wholesale grocer, he purchased the neighbouring hall, retired from town with his lady, and has for some years past assumed the character of a country gentleman.

O'LIFFEY.

Well, but, Sir—a little less of this old fig-merchant—and a little more of his young sweetmeat, if you please!

MELVILLE.

You blockhead, I am an entire stranger to all the family, except the divine Augusta.

O'LIFFEY.

Divine Augusta!—and is the dear little rogue so handsome, Sir.

B 2

MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

Angelic!

AIR II.

How poor are words! how vain is art,
 Augusta's charms to trace!
 Her speaking eye, her feeling heart;
 Such symmetry and grace!
 Her mind more pure than virgin snows,
 That on the mountains rest;
 Pure as the lambent flame which glows,
 Within this faithful breast.

O'LIFFEY.

Sweet creature!—and a snug city fortune, into the bargain—Ah, Sir, now can I account for your axing leave of absence, since the regiment's coming from abroad.

MELVILLE.

You're perfectly right, O'Liffey—since my return home, I have made frequent excursions to this place;—and the dear little billet, which I received just before we left London, puts her affection for me, I think, beyond a doubt—for here she requests my immediate attendance to prevent, if possible, her union with an odious rival.

O'LIFFEY.

A free-hearted creature, upon my faith; but after all, your honour, I'm not much pleased with the double face of this business—Tho' it smiles upon us with one eye, it carries in the other an ill-looking frown of danger, the thing in the world I wish to avoid.---

MELVILLE.

Wish to avoid danger!—why, my brave fellow, have n't I seen thee march with the utmost intrepidity up to the very mouth of a loaded cannon?

O'LIFFEY.

To be sure an you have—What the devil had a man to fear when he was marching up to an open enemy—but in these mighty *civil* love campaigns,
 a poor

a poor fellow may be very uncivilly knock'd-down by some fly old curmudgeon of a father, or bully of a brother, without giving him time to shoulder his shillelah.

MELVILLE.

O'Liffey, in this affair my happiness, and your future fortune are at stake.

O'LIFEEY.

O, to be sure, if that's the case, notwithstanding the many hair-breadth scapes that I have experienced in your honor's service, and as the good-looking stars have destined that I should dedicate the remainder of my unbroken bones to your generosity, my name-sake the Liffey, shall run backwards before I'll cease to push forwards to assist you. [STAVE *sings behind.*] Hey-day! what queer looking creature have we here?

MELVILLE.

My friendly rustic and emissary, Stave, the parish clerk.

Enter STAVE from the cottage, with a basket on his arm.

AIR III.

The merry man,
Who loves his cann,
Laughs and jokes
Chats and smokes,
Nor dreams of noise and state:
Enjoys the hour
That's in his pow'r,
Tells a tale,
Quaffs his ale,
Nor fears the frowns of fate.

MELVILLE.

My friend Stave—in health and good spirits as usual!

STAVE.

STAVE.

What, Captain Melville!—I'm marvelous glad to see your Honor, truly.—I was bustling away to the Hall:—wonderful alterations and additions since your Honor was last at Merry Lawn!—all turn'd topsy-turvy!

MELVILLE.

Really!

STAVE.

Fact! why there is scarcely a shrub stands in its old place; and all the flowers are *transmuted* from their beds to the tops of the trees!

MELVILLE.

Alterations indeed! but to what purpose?

STAVE.

Mirth and jollity!—To celebrate the wedding of young Madam Augusta.

MELVILLE.

Is she married?

STAVE.

No:—We could not well do that before the bridegroom comes;—but all's fix'd.—They say he is a prodigious fine gentleman Doctor, from London.—Sir Solomon, her Ladyship and I, held a closeted council last night upon the subject; his worship was for deferring the ceremony to Lord-mayor's-day; but her Ladyship and I were for an immediate division on the motion:—So Sir Solomon finding the opposition too strong, came over to the majority, and the matter passed *crim*
con.

MELVILLE.

But why all this preparation?

STAVE.

You must know that her ladyship is too much of a gentlewoman to be outdone in any matter, so understanding it was all the *dash* with the great folks, to have *galleys* on such occasions, we resolved to shew them that we could have every thing on the newest *distruc-*
tion as well as the Londoners themselves.

MELVILLE.

A COMIC OPERA.

7

MELVILLE.

No doubt——But I imagine, friend Stave, you have forgot the interest I have in this business.

STAVE.

By my band and abilities, and so I had! but that's not wonderful; for your Honor seems to have forgot the manner in which you used to *preclude* the subject.

MELVILLE

I understand you :—sure you are not mercenary Stave ?

[gives him money]

STAVE.

No not mercenary, but a man who sets up the trade of honesty should have some capital :—Now I am but a poor man, your Honor; and have not the presumption to pretend to more virtue than my betters

[chinks it.]

AIR IV.

Examine the world with attention you'll find
'Tis interest that sways every class of mankind ;
From the high to the low ;
Is it not so ?
Say aye or no !

You doubt it ; I'll give you a striking example,
Then judge of the others by this single sample ;
And the truth you'll soon know.
Shall I do so ?
Say aye or no !

Sage Physic and Law, don't we every day see,
Will advise and prescribe—but first pocket the fee—
With pleasure I trow ;
Is it not so ?
Your aye or no !

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
Where the main spring's self interest,—the object is gold :
This we all of us know,
Is it not so ?
Say aye—or no !

MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

This may be all very true, my old friend ; but to business more material—Don't you think that in my former disguise, I might, undiscovered, obtain another interview with Augusta ?

STAVE.

Let me see——no, that won't do !—O, now I have it—Can your Honor mount a ladder ?

(taking a wreath of flowers from his basket.)

MELVILLE.

O, trust me for hanging a festoon !

STAVE.

And yet the old Lady may give us manifold trouble.—As for Sir Solomon, he is so buried in writing his *historifications*, that verily your Honor might with ease carry off young Madam, and ye twain be made one, before the Knight would know the fox was about his hen roost !

MELVILLE.

Sir Solomon an author ?

STAVE.

Fact.—Why it is not long since he penned a *monotony* on the death of Brown Bridget, the dairy-maid ; so prodigious clever, that all the village marvelled thereat :—and Dr. COAXEM, our vicar, said it would gain his worship amazen fame in the *literal* world.

MELVILLE.

Well then——while Sir Solomon is soaring sublimely to the skies—I'll slip on my disguise, and endeavour to behold my charming Augusta.

[Exit MELVILLE into the cottage.]

STAVE.

Heigh-ho !—you see, friend, what a misfortune it is to be a man of parts !—never at ease—always sought after ; and yet I am happy in the possession of my abilities, merely to be serviceable to my friends.

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

Your friends are very much obliged to you,
my dear; and to do you justice, you seem to
have as much business on your hands as a piper
at Balinasloe fair; or a parish priest at an Irish
wedding.

AIR V. *

When the lads and the lasses are met on the green,
At sweet Ballinasloe, or the fair of Clogheen;
With their cheeks red as roses, and eyes black as sloes,
See the girls frisk and foot it as merry as does.

All the day,
Piper play,
Cries Goffoon,
T'other tune;

While young Darby and Judy, are footing so tight,
The poor Piper keeps puffing, from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of straw wears the token of love,
Which Paddy had bought her, his passion to prove;
Fine ribbands and roses, to deck out her hair,
And the neatest stuff-gown to be had in the fair.

Sweet Spoleen
On the green,
When they dine,
Whisky fine;

The Piper still playing, the Priest he says grace,
And content, love, and jolity, smile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog side by side,
Every lad with the creature he means for his bride;
The next morn Father Fogarty call'd with his book,
Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.

Coupling, buckling,
Pipering, fidling;

Father Fogarty, Piper, and all join the rout,
And the new married couples fall jigging about.

STAVE.

Oh, I have a mort of business!—never at rest
from the dawn to the setting!

C

O'LIFFEY

* The Author is indebted to the friendly aid of Mr. Johnstone, of Covent
Garden Theatre, for the words of this Song.

O'LIFFEY.

Ay, juft like myfelf—never at reft but when I am dancing, and never quiet but when I'm finging. But pray, my jewel, what may your principal bufinefs be?

STAVE.

I'll tell you.—I garnifh the pews of our village church—array the fhoulders of the curate—fmooth the dog's ears of the books—drive forth yelping curs—toll the bell—lead the pfalm and fay, amen.

O'LIFFEY.

Upon my foul, honey, you have not a plentiful fcarcity of employments.

STAVE.

So that with the duties of my office, drawing teeth,—trimming the beards of my neighbours—curing the ague—fcraping a country dance on the fiddle,—being chairman of our weekly club at the old Plough on the Hill, and Major *Drumo* at the hall, truly I have as much bufinefs on my hands as any reasonable man could defire.

O'LIFFEY.

By my troth, or that any unreasonable fellow would have the good fense to wifh for.

(MARIA, at the upper window of the cottage, fings.

O'LIFFEY.

[*looking up to MARIA*—Hey-day! And I fee by that fweet voice you teach Sky-larks to warble into the bargain.

STAVE.

Oh foftly—now don't difturb the little rogue—for her poor heart does not feem perfectly at eafe.

O'LIFFEY.

Well but who the Devil is fhe?

STAVE.

An innocent creature, that has been in my houfe thefe three days.

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

Innocent! with such a voice and such devilish pretty peepers: oh, by St. Patrick, she must have murdered half the men in your village, already. One sight of her has almost kilt myself—I'm taken with such a kind of an all-overness that I don't know what the devil's the matter with me.

STAVE.

Yes—she came to our village in a post-chaise, enquired for a lodging at the *Plough*, and was recommended by my friend Stingo to me—her only companion is a linnet;—she seems marvellous unhappy, and enquires particularly, every time I see her, concerning all our goings on at the Hall;—and when I told her just now that the wedding would be to-morrow,—she droop'd her head, wiped a tear from her cheek—and went in pursuit of her bird, that had stolen from its cage—Mum—Hush—stand aside!

[MARIA, from the window, hangs out a bird in a cage, and sings the following

AIR VI.

Thy freedom lost, no more, sweet Bird,
In plaintive music rue;
For, ah; the wretch who thee betray'd
Ensnar'd thy mistress too!
Thus ambush'd in the wily brake,
The baneful serpent lies;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the sting, and dies.

O'LIFFEY.

Faith I begin to think there's something sorrowful enough in this poor lady's story. — (*Looking up to the window.*) Ah, gra ma crie! whisper your troubles down to O'Liffey, and see what the heart of an honest Irishman will do for you—But, be the husht, here comes my master in his disguise.

C 2

Enter

Enter MELVILLE from the cottage in the habit of a countryman.

MELVILLE.

Now, Stave, for my nearest way to the Hall—take this letter (*giving a letter*) and by the aid of your old admirer, Judith, you must get it delivered to her young lady ;—should I fortunately obtain an interview with Augusta, it must be your duty to prevent a surprise.—You, O'Liffey, will wait my further orders in the cottage.

STAVE.

Well, your Honor is a fine, bold, enterprising gentleman, and will certainly get her.—

O'LIFFEY.

Get her! To be sure an he will—and if I had that sweet little Canary-bird in the cabin there, with a snug little potatoe garden and a pig of my own, the devil a bit would I envy him.

STAVE.

Ha! ha! poor little Augusta! but just eighteen years old. I have reason to know her age; for she was born the very day the great bell was hung in our steeple, and I was appointed Clerk of this Parish.

MELVILLE.

Come we lose time.

AIR VII. T R I O.

“MELVILLE. Since my fond heart, Augusta's, thine,
O may thy virgin hand be mine;
Love grant me this request!

“STAVE. O, Fortune! goddess, brown or fair,
Let Stave be free from worldly care,
He'll never mind the rest.

“O'LIFFEY. Safe from fatigue in yonder cot,
Be quietness O'Liffey's lot,
And he will then be blest.

“TOGETHER. Let not, ye powers who preside,
LOVE, EASE, or FORTUNE be deny'd,
And we shall all be blest.”

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Library in SIR SOLOMON ODDLY's house, a garden seen thro' the windows and large folding doors.*
 SIR SOLOMON seated at a study-table, writing; surrounded with books, papers, &c.

SIR SOLOMON.

(after a pause) READS “ Thus died Mr. Alder-
 “ man CONIAC, Brandy Merchant, of Candlewick-
 “ ward, after eating a hearty supper at *Vintners-*
 “ *hall*; his *spirits* were ever good, and his character
 “ was high above *proof*;—he was fond of *rectifying*
 “ the errors of his friends, and all his *measures*
 “ met with general approbation;—he loved his
 “ *bottle*, and was *rum* when *mellow*.—He wished
 “ all *Excisemen* on the *rack*;—and lies buried in
 “ the *vault* of his parish, at his particular request,
 “ in one of his own pipes filled up with *saw-*
 “ *dust*! —” There's a specimen of my sublime and
 beautiful—'Gad, it will do!—I shall soon rival
 Daniel de Foe, or Joel Collier!

AIR VII.

The heroes stout, who danger scorn,
 May boast their arms and tented field;
 Let noisy fame their brows adorn,
 So I the plumed pen may wield;
 Smooth inditing,
 Flashy writing,
 Give more pleasure sure than fighting.
 In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
 For HELEN's charms contended long;
 Yet all their feats had slept in peace,
 But for old father HOMER's song:
 Smooth inditing.
 Flashy writing,
 Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

Enter LADY ODDLY

LADY ODDLY.

Let me tell you, Sir, your daughter's behaviour
 is beyond all bearing.

SIR SOLOMON.

SIR SOLOMON.

And let me tell you, Lady Oddly, that your conduct is intolerable :—How often have I requested that would not intrude into this my *sanctum sanctorum*.—You have overturn'd one of the finest climaxes that ever entered into the head of an historian.

LADY ODDLY.

Historian!—a fiddlestick!—Did ever man in your circumstances turn author!—and on such a ridiculous subject too!—for it surely could never have occurred to any person, except your *wise* self, to write “ *Memoirs of the Court of ALDERMEN*, with “ a *Parallel between Plutarchs Lives*, and those of “ the *Lord Mayors of London* ! ”

SIR SOLOMON.

Zookers, my Lady, this is but an ill return for all I have done to please you.—Did I not some years ago serve the office of Sheriff, and accept the honor of Knighthood, at a Royal caudle drinking, purely to oblige and dignify you with the title of a *Lady* ; and afterwards retired from a lucrative business, and quitted my comfortable little counting house in Distaff-Lane, merely that you might reign the absolute Queen of this hamlet?—Have I not given my consent to your marrying my dutiful little Augusta, with almost a *plumb*, to a foolish medical puppy ;—and suffered you to turn my whole premises upside-down, to gratify your whim, by giving, forsooth, a rural *gala* on the occasion, and lastly did I not——

LADY ODDLY.

Hold, hold ; Sir Solomon, not quite so fast ! The intended union between Augusta and Dr. Camomile was first proposed to you by your old friend, his uncle, Commodore Larboard ; — Indeed I warmly approve of the match ; because I
think

think his nephew is the finest gentleman that ever boasted a diploma from the College of Physicians. The gala I acknowledge; but there would be no existing in the world without entering a little into the fashionable elegance of the times!

SIR SOLOMON.

Fashionable nonsense of the times!

LADY ODDLY.

But at the very moment when my superb decorations are on the eve of being completed;—copper-plate cards of invitation actually sent to all the neighbouring gentry;—and I flattering myself with shortly seeing in the Newspapers a charming circumstantial account of the entertainment, beginning a column, with “*LADY ODDLY’S Grand Gala at Congo-hall on the Marriage of her only Daughter!*” To have all my delightful schemes at once frustrated, by the idle objections of a silly girl, is enough to provoke the anger of a saint.—In a word, Sir Solomon, your *dutiful* little Augusta, positively refuses to marry Dr. Camomile.

SIR SOLOMON.

The Muse of History forbid—but here she comes—let me question her—

Enter AUGUSTA, from the Garden.

What answer, Augusta, can you make to these charges of high crimes and misdemeanors, of not marrying Dr. Camomile, preferred against you by your Mamma—come, come;—your reasons, Miss?

AUGUSTA.

I had humbly conceived Sir—

LADY ODDLY.

I say—

SIR SOLOMON.

Nay, nay, Lady Oddly, let the girl conceive for herself, I beseech you.

AUGUSTA.

I trust my dear father will do me the justice to acknowledge, that ever since this unexpected union

was

was first proposed, I have constantly expressed my aversion to it in the most respectful terms;—and altho' my sense of filial duty has thus far induced me to listen to his odious addresses, yet as the fatal moment approaches, my heart feelingly tells me, that we were never formed to render each other happy.

SIR SOLOMON,

Then the feelings of your heart are not worth a *fig*;—for as *Joseph* says, in his History of the Jews—

LADY ODDLY.

Josephus, you mean, Sir Solomon:—but what have we to do with either Jews or Gentiles?—Why don't you demand what are her objections to the Doctor?

SIR SOLOMON.

Ay.—Ay that's the point; why don't you answer that Miss?—

AUGUSTA

In my opinion, Sir, both his mind and person are equally contemptible.—

SIR SOLOMON.

Why, I must confess that Dr. Camomile is not, in every respect, the son-in-law I could wish;—but all the young fellows of this age are mere cinnamon-trees;—the bark is more valuable than the whole trunk.—When *Stab-ho* and *Polly-buss* wrote, it was otherwise;—the youth of those days were no more to compare to our lady-like gentlemen, than a *Levant prune* is to a *French Plumb*;—they have no taste for true literature now:—but Dr. Camomile possesses one charm that turns the *Scale* against all his imperfections, and which cannot fail of making any reasonable woman happy.

AUGUSTA.

Pray, Sir, what is that?

SIR SOLOMON.

Sterling cash, my little sweet-meat.—

LADY ODDLY.

True, Sir Solomon ; for without that, a wife of fashion and spirit could not enter into the refined enjoyments of the higher sphere ; and if deprived of these, marriage would lose one of its most desirable charms.—

AUGUSTA.

Surely, my dear Sir, and Madam, these cannot be your real sentiments.

AIR VIII.

Behold, deny'd their airy flight,
 The tenants of the gaudy cage,
 No more their warblings breathe delight,
 Those notes are chang'd to strains of rage !
 And should, perchance, in happy hour,
 Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
 Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
 And gladly part—to meet no more.
 Not so the bird whose choice is free,
 In jocund spring he joins his mate ;
 Gaily they range from tree to tree,
 Their little breasts with joy elate.
 And if some ruder breeze should blow ;
 Or chilling rain disturb their rest ;
 Fondly they share each others woe,
 As destin'd partners of one nest.

LADY ODDLY.

What romantic nonsense !—On my conscience, Sir Solomon, I should almost suppose the girl's dislike to the Doctor proceeded from an attachment to some other person, but that I know 'tis impossible—I have always kept too strict an eye on her actions, to be deceived. No, no: I defy any artful young hussy in England to outwit me.

Enter JUDITH, running

JUDITH.

O, la, my Lady ! Mountseer le Frizz, Dr. Camomile's *Levant currier*, as he calls himself, is just
 D dif-

dismounted in the court-yard. He says, your worship, that his master, and Commodore Larboard, will be here before he can well put his horse in the stable.

AUGUSTA.

Oh! Melville, to what torture does your absence expose me!

[*aside.*]

SIR SOLOMON.

Now, rebel Miss, we shall soon make you bend to our authority.

LADY ODDLY.

And I would wish you, at the same time, Sir Solomon, to *bend* a little to the temper of the Commodore; for although you are the best friends in the world—at a distance;—yet you never meet, but a quarrel ensues, and you part the most determined enemies.

SIR SOLOMON.

That is, because the Commodore is so very obstinate in his opinions; although he must know that I am always in the right, and he, of course, invariably wrong.

LADY ODDLY.

He doubtless thinks the reverse, and perhaps with much truth;—but of what consequence was it to either of you, whether *Noah's Ark* resembled most a *Spanish floating battery*, or a *West country barge*?—for this, it seems, was the subject of your last curious dispute, and on which he left the house in a violent passion.

SIR SOLOMON.

Well, well, that's all over:—Leave old Larboard to me, as I shall his nephew entirely to you.

AIR IX. QUARTETTO.

JUDITH. Lord, my Lady, indeed now I hear
Their fine carriage drive into the yard;

SIR SOL. Then, Augusta, pray wipe off that tear,
And our wishes no longer retard.

AIR

A COMIC OPERA.

19

AUGUSTA.

Can the rose the rough seasons defy,
And at will all its beauties impart?
Or can happiness beam from the eye,
While keen sorrow impresses the heart?

LADY ODDLY. Come, have done with this folly; away,
And your lover to welcome prepare:

SIR SOL. For to-morrow's the long wish'd for day,
Which at last puts an end to our care.

AUGUSTA. If 'tis vain then to plead, why delay
To be happy, and banish despair.

ALL. For to-morrow's the long wish'd for day
Which at last puts an end to our care.

AUGUSTA. despair!
JUDITH. your care.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall, with a large stair-case,—so contrived that the Characters can ascend and descend in sight of the Audience.

Enter JUDITH, followed by STAVE.

STAVE.

Nay, but my gentle Judith, why in this tantarum?—why raise that melodious pitch-pipe above its proper compass?

JUDITH.

Surely I have reason—have I beheld thee these threedays, thou charming traitor? but that bewitching face was formed to delude the weakness of our credulous sex—the time was when you vowed you loved me, as regularly as our village clock struck, or the cock welcomed the morn.

D 2

AIR

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D 2

AIR

JUST IN TIME.

AIR X.

When first you won my virgin heart,
 The time I well remember ;
 'Twas in the frost on dreary heath,
 The fifteenth of December.

The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
 The wind blew hard and chilling ;
 You shiv'ring cried " Ah ! here she comes
 " Zooks, wou'd the maid were willing."

Love smil'd—and as we sliding met,
 Resolv'd to see us humbled ;
 Your arm encircled round my waist,
 I slip'd, and down we tumbled.

Whilst thus together we reclin'd
 On winter's hoary pillow ;
 You swore you glow'd with love so true,
 I ne'er should wear the willow.

STAVE.

Why, my honey-suckle, don't you *know* the
 whole bustle of this intended wedding falls on me,
 or I should no more have been absent from thee,
 than a gander from his downy mate.

JUDITH.

Go, go STAVE, you don't love me [*fondly*] your
 fine strange lodger whom I saw just now coming
 across the Park, to the Hall, for all she had
 covered her face with a long veil—she has seduced
 your affections from me.

STAVE.

Faith, JUDITH, I don't even know what business
 she can have here ; and as for not loving thee,
 that's impossible, for thy voice is sweeter than the
 early lark's—and shriller—[*aside*]

JUDITH.

Away, you flatter me,

STAVE.

Upon my soul, I don't.—But tell me my dainty
 dove, how Madam AUGUSTA received her in-
 tended bridegroom, the London Doctor, and his
 uncle ?

JUDITH.

JUDITH.

O, there have been terrible doings!—soon after their arrival, Sir Solomon, and the Commodore, went into the parlour, I suppose to make up their last quarrel, where they now are, and left her Ladyship, and young Madam, with Dr. Camomile, in the drawing room:—I know not what passed, further than that Miss Augusta positively refused to marry him; on which her Ladyship, in a most violent passion, has just locked her up in the chamber next the grove, and has given me the key to keep, until Miss Augusta thinks proper to obtain her liberty by consenting to the match.

STAVE.

And yet for all the young lady's aversion to the Doctor, truly she has no objection to a husband, could she choose her own yoke-fellow.

JUDITH.

What do you mean?

STAVE.

Why don't she seem to be in love?

JUDITH.

How?

STAVE.

Does she not sigh.—wish to be alone.—read much in story-books,—make contrary answers to plain questions,—and sometimes say to thee, O, Judith! and then stop, as if she had forgot herself—eat little,—complain, pretty rogue, she cannot sleep because of provoking dreams.

JUDITH.

Are these signs of love?

STAVE.

Certainly.

JUDITH.

Then surely am I in love!

STAVE.

Lord have mercy on me!

JUDITH.

For there are but two things we differ in.

STAVE

JUST IN TIME.

STAVE.

Prithee what are they?

JUDITH.

Why, I eat heartily, and sleep soundly, which she does not.

STAVE.

Ay, but I think you might give me a better proof of your love?

JUDITH

Name it.

STAVE.

Convey this letter secretly, and directly, to your little pouting prisoner;—'tis from a charming gentleman, who has a power of money,—why he gave me his purse to pay the postage of it, and he will reward thee generously for delivering it:—that done I will unfold the whole story.

JUDITH.

Well, I will, on condition you promise to drink my health out of it,—and return in the evening to tell me all you know of the matter.

STAVE.

Thy health! why there's no taste in life's cup without it—'tis the tobacco to my pipe—the catch that makes me merry—and the tempter to replenish my jug.—

AIR XI. DUET.

JUDITH. Too gay deceiver say no more,
Full oft you've told me so before,
Tis not so,
No, no, no.

STAVE. To love me true is not your plan,
Thou gay deceiver, wicked man.
May singo never touch this lip,
Or I of old October sip,

If 'tis so,

No, no, no,

JUDITH. Your health to me is every bliss,
'Tis true my girl, by this and this. [*Kisses her*]
Fie, fie, dear Stave, you're quite a bear,
You've tumbled all my dress, I swear.

STAVE. To kiss the lass we love's the vogue,

JUDITH. Ah! flattering dear; oh, pretty rogue.

[*Exeunt severally*]

LADY ODDLY and Dr. CAMOMILE appear above, the DOCTOR handing her Ladyship down the flight of Stairs.

LADY ODDLY.

Why, William, Roger, Peter! somebody throw open the large folding doors into the garden, or I shall faint; for I profess the unpolite behaviour of this perverse girl has nearly flung me into hysterics.

DOCTOR.

Will your la'ship accept of my arm, and please to regale your olfactory nerves by participating of this quintessence;—'tis delicately prepared, from a prescription of my own, at the express request of the Dutchess of Dimple.

LADY ODDLY.

O, you are too good, Sir;—the creature's want of breeding, has, indeed, given me an immensity of ennui.

DOCTOR.

Your la'ships politesse, I see, is conspicuous even in the choice of your indispositions—

LADY ODDLY.

Choice of my indispositions!

DOCTOR.

Undoubtedly, no woman of quality would deign for a moment to be indisposed from any cause incidental to her inferiors—

LADY ODDLY.

Really!

DOCTOR.

Certainment:—Why there is my charming patient, Lady Spadilla Languish, has a routine of *derangement*—for particular noons, as regularly as she gives her routes and card parties at night.

LADY ODDLY.

How new and fanciful!

DOCTOR.

Perfectly so:—it is quite genteel now to slip on a pleasing indisposition with the morning *deshabille*, and

and be compleatly restored to health the instant it is thrown aside for full dress.

LADY ODDLY.

Well, I protest I am charmed with the delicacy of the thought:—I really don't think I shall suffer a moment's health to intrude again before six o'clock in the evening; whilst the fashion lasts:—but surely this delightful invention must be a severe stroke on the emoluments of you gentlemen of the college.

DOCTOR.

Quite the reverse! why your La'ship would scarcely believe that I rattled out no less than six sets of wheels in the course of last winter, merely in taking fees from my fair patients; when, in fact, the sovereign remedies for their several complaints, were green fruit at breakfast, to remove a pain at the stomach; a crowded Opera, or a Ball-room, to lower a fever: and a *petit souper* at three o'clock in the morning, to prevent indigestion! Lord, the disorder would be nothing without a Doctor.

LADY ODDLY.

How delightful!

DOCTOR.

Yes, the very quintessence of the ton—The whole antediluvian mode of practice is now nearly abolished, and your La'ship's very humble servant may be said to conduct the healing art in the first stile of modern refinement.

LADY ODDLY.

But you feel the pulse as usual, I suppose, Doctor?

DOCTOR.

What, seize the delicate hand of a lady, according to the old savage custom of the grizzle wigg'd school?—O, no, your La'ship—*toute au contraire!*

LADY ODDLY.

Why how do you manage it?

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

If it's a nervous case, which we term a spasmodic affection, I set me down with my fair patient to a party at Picquet, and contrive it thus—Quinte Major in Hearts, Ma'am, says I, I fancy are good for fifteen—yes, Sir, with softest sensibility, says she—three Kings are eighteen—then laying my two fingers on her lovely wrist, I go deliberately on---nineteen---twenty---twenty-one---telling the fluctuation of my patient's pulse, with the variation of my own game---till the dear creature is either repiqued, or capotted.

LADY ODDLY.

What an admirable idea!

DOCTOR.

Quite so,

AIR XII.

Were old Galen to rise,
From Elysium below,
Of modern complaints,
So little he'd know,
That amaz'd at the change,
And struck dumb with surprise,
He'd soon hurry back,
Nor believe his own eyes.

For Physic's exploded, so alter'd the trade is,
And wou'd you but know how I please all the ladies;
I prescribe a court dress, a route or a ball,
A play or an opera, or may be all;
First couple lead down—'twill do I can tell,
Cross over—back again—now my lady is well.

Let fools their old nonsense,
Still solemnly broach;
While they trudge it on foot,—
I loll in my coach;
They may pore o'er old books,
And incessantly toil;
Be their's the dull task,
Mine—*Fashion* and *Hoyle*.

For physic's exploded, &c. &c.

E

LADY

LADY ODDLY.

Charming! What a difference there is, Doctor, between you and Old Potion, our blind Apothecary!

DOCTOR.

"The blind Apothecary!" (*hesitating*) Yes, Madam, I believe there is some little difference between us (*affectedly*)

LADY ODDLY.

Oh! I have no patience with my little tasteless huffey, for being blind to such superlative merit.

DOCTOR.

Indeed (*viewing himself affectedly*) I do think Miss Augusta's optics are not the clearest.

LADY ODDLY.

But I'm determined she shall comply, and be rendered happy even against her will:---the wedding must positively take place to-morrow morning, or all my festoons of flowerets will be faded, and the beauty of my gala utterly destroyed.

DOCTOR.

I honor your La'ship's resolution;

LADY ODDLY.

And now, dear Doctor, will you favour me, by taking a turn round the grounds, which I flatter myself your fine taste will approve:—by this time the rustic artists must have nearly compleated their works, and will wait for me to direct them in the finishing touch to their decorations.

DOCTOR.

I attend your La'ship to witness the happiest combinations.

AIR XII, DUET.

Dr. CAM. Tho' gay your trees, perfume your flow'rs,
Enchantment all your groves and bow'rs,

Yet scarce I wish to stir,

For here superior charms I see—

LADY ODDLY. You flatter sure, you can't mean me!

My dear Sir.

DOCTOR

Dr. CAM. I love August a faith 'tis true,
 But 'tis because she's so like you,
 Or I'm the saddest cur.
 Such lovely shape! Majestic air!
 LADY ODDLY. You make me blush now I declare,
 O la Sir.

"Dr. CAM. The bloom of youth still decks your cheek,
 Your accent mild when e'er you speak,
 No spot your beauties blur,
 'Pon honor's true each word I utter,
 "LADY ODDLY. Lord I'm all in such a flutter,
 Bless me Sir."

[Exit Dr. CAM. handing out LADY ODDLY.]

SCENE a Parlour,

SIR SOLOMON ODDLY and COMMODORE LARBOARD
 discovered at a table,—punch bowl, glasses, &c. ROGER
 waiting.

SIR SOLOMON.
 Here Roger, replenish the bowl.

ROGER.
 What quite full again, your worship?

LARBOARD.
 Aye, up to the gun wale! [Exit Roger] why
 the mutinous lubber would send us on a voyage
 of friendship, with only short allowance on
 board!

SIR SOLOMON.
 Why this is social and friendly now;—I am
 amazed, Commodore, how you and I could ever
 have had the least difference,—and on such trifling
 subjects too!

LARBOARD.
 'Troth so do I—'twas very extraordinary, but
 as we have both suffered the whirlwind of passion,
 to unship the rudder of our understandings, let us
 in future give the helm to the direction of rea-
 son; and secure our ill-temper close under the
 hatches.

SIR SOLOMON.

Give me thy hand, my old King of Clubs—give me thy hand ; we'll now turn over a new leaf, and begin a chapter of friendship, which shall end but with the finis of our lives, and never exchange another angry word ; and to make this agreement the more binding, let him that first breaks it in word or deed, forfeit a hundred guineas.

LARBOARD.

Agreed ; fill up the glasses to the brim, to our hearty reconciliation : I'd bet a hundred guineas more that neither of us have ever an opportunity of calling on the other for the penalty.

SIR SOLOMON.

A hundred and five pounds ; a good round sum though my dear Larboard ! 'egad if this Christian like treaty had been in force before our last little war of words, your purse had certainly been something the lighter.

LARBOARD.

Not in the least, my good friend ; for you must admit, that in that particular case, you was out of *your element*, and undoubtedly the first aggressor.

SIR SOLOMON.

Who, I ?---why did not you---

LARBOARD.

No !

SIR SOLOMON.

Why won't you hear me ?

LARBOARD.

Because I know you will not speak to the purpose.

SIR SOLOMON.

Have a care, have a care, I find your are going to fly out again, and treat me as that sturdy old Grecian *Brute-o* did his amiable friend *Cash-o* in the tent.

LARBOARD.

I ! Damme, how provoking that is now ! I never
was

was cooler in my life—but I am positive I was in the right.

SIR SOLOMON.

And I am positive I was not in the wrong.

LARBOARD.

Now, Sir Solomon, why will you be so obstinate; only let me state the case, and I'll convince you in a moment.

SIR SOLOMON.

No, I am sure you will not.

LARBOARD.

You'll not hear reason, then?

SIR SOLOMON.

Zookers, you would exhaust the patience of Job himself.

LARBOARD.

Who flies out now?—who's in a passion now?

SIR SOLOMON.

Zounds! am I in a passion, you old sword-fish? if I was sure of not coming off with the worst on't I'd soon make you as calm as I am.

LARBOARD.

Sir Solomon, don't provoke me—consider who I am.

SIR SOLOMON.

Who you are?

LARBOARD.

Aye?

SIR SOLOMON.

Why you are—

LARBOARD.

What?

SIR SOLOMON.

As old a fellow as myself.

LARBOARD.

'Pshaw, you're beneath my resentment, a ridiculous scribbler, who dont know a Chart from a Logbook.

SIR SOLOMON.

This is too much to be borne—'tis committing homicide, parricide, suicide, and regicide, on my acknowledged literary abilities, and a general massacre

massacre on every side of my whole Court of Aldermen,—therefore I desire, Sir, you and your puppy of a nephew, would quit my house to-morrow morning—for I'd sooner my daughter should marry a Lord, who would spend her fortune at Faro and Newmarket, than be allied to a man who has no more judgment than a porpoise, or command of his temper than a North Easter!

LARBOARD.

First pay me the hundred guineas you have lost.

SIR SOLOMON.

I'd as soon give you the honor and copyright of all my poetry and biography.

LARBOARD.

Expect to answer for this insult.

AIR XII. DUET.

LARBOARD.

The next time we meet—

SIR SOLOMON.

Stand off I entreat,

LARBOARD.

Your house no protection may give;

SIR SOLOMON.

I fear not your threat.

LARBOARD.

I'll punish you yet;

SIR SOLOMON.

In spite of your rage I shall live.

And should you but dare,

LARBOARD.

For law I don't care,

SIR SOLOMON.

With sword e'er attempt to dissect me;

LARBOARD.

I certainly will,

SIR SOLOMON.

You'll soon have your fill—

TOGETHER.

*John Doe—Richard Roe, shall protect me—
John Doe—Richard Roe, shan't protect thee.*

[Exit Sir Solomon.]

LARBOARD.

There he scuds—what an incorrigible hot-headed fool!--if I had been as warm as he is heaven knows what the consequence might have been---Aye, I always said nothing makes a man so ridiculous as passion---

Enter ROGER, running.

Well, Sir, who the devil sent for you?

ROGER

ROGER.

I crave your pardon, Sur,---here's a strange lady without desires to see your honor alone, and that immediately.

LARBOARD.

A lady, Sirrah, desires a private interview with me! it cannot be; forty years ago, indeed, I should not have been surprised at such a thing, but now---harkee, Roger, is she young?

ROGER.

She seems so, an please your honour.

LARBOARD.

Is she handsome, you fly rogue, ah!

ROGER.

I conna say, Sur, she has a long white piece of something all over her head.

LARBOARD.

Well, shew her in directly, [*Exit ROGER*] now old Larboard who would have thought that---but mum, here she is.

Enter MARIA, veiled.

A trim-built cock-boat, truly---Madam, I kiss your hands--- I hope she'll furl her topsail tho', or I may chance to pay a handsome salute to some old sea-beaten vessel of threescore;---she's dumb sure!

MARIA.

You are, doubtless, surprised, Sir, at this visit from an entire stranger; nor do I know sufficiently how to apologize for the intrusion; yet I trust your goodness will pardon the liberty I have taken when you are acquainted with the reason of it.

[*unveils*]

LARBOARD.

Handsome as an angel!—Lovely creature proceed. Her beauty has already taken possession of the cabin of my heart:—speak, Madam, if 'tis in my power to serve you, freely command me.

MARIA.

MARIA.

I fear, Sir, I shall forfeit all title to that kindness you are pleased to express for me, when you find I come but to trouble you with the melancholy tale of a love-sick girl.

LARBOARD.

What a bewitching eye she has!—Ah! Larboard, thou art a fortunate fellow—

MARIA.

You doubtless knew my father, who commanded the Warrior, and fell in the service of his country, bravely fighting his ship!

LARBOARD.

How, the daughter of my old messmate! as worthy a fellow as ever stepped between stem and stern.

AIR XVI.

When on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
While the glass circled round with full glee,
King and country to give, my old friend never fail'd,
And the toast was soon toasts'd off by me.

Billows might dash,

Light'ning might flash,

'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too powerful foe in our track did but pass,
We resolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a glass,
'Then a broadside we gave her with three,
Cannon might roar,
Echo'd from shore,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea

MARIA.

Time, at length wiped the filial tear from my cheek, and I pass'd my days in scenes of domestic serenity and content, till Love, ill-fated Love, intruded, and again deprived me of every comfort.

LARBOARD.

Sweet creature, how she dissolves me!—the moisture I find has got into my scuppers:—don't
cast

cast yourself away in despair, Madam, nothing shall be wanting on my part to bring you safe into the port of happiness; and I think I may say, without vanity, that you have placed your affections on a pilot of spirit and honor.

MARIA.

Rather on a wretch, whose conduct is a disgrace to mankind.

LARBOARD.

Heyday! why that's not quite so civil to one's face, however.

[*aside*.

MARIA.

Unkind, ungenerous Frederic!

LARBOARD.

Frederic!—I'm dreaming sure! my name's Hannibal:—pray, Madam, be so obliging as to inform me what is the meaning of all this; did not you come here to—

MARIA.

Throw myself on your protection—I suffered all your nephew's behaviour with some degree of calmness, till hearing he had paid his addressee to the young lady of this mansion, I resolved, by my appearance on the spot, to obtain a redress of my wrongs.

LARBOARD.

Zounds! what a quicksand of mistake I had like to have foundered on, if I had not hawl'd my wind in time. [*aside*].—But how, in the name of wonder, did Dr. Camomile and you become acquainted? for I don't recollect to have ever heard a syllable of the matter before.

MARIA.

Soon after the decease of my much-lamented parent I retired to France; at Amiens it was my misfortune to become acquainted with your nephew; then on a pleasurable trip to the continent—a mutual attachment succeeded, and we were soon

F

after

after married, according to the established laws of that kingdom.

LARBOARD.

His wife!—Zounds, what a viper have I cherished in my bosom, and meant to have made my heir.

MARIA.

He soon after received, or pretended to have received, an express, requiring his immediate attendance at Bologne, for which place he set off, but never returned.

LARBOARD.

The hypocritical young dog!

MARIA.

I have since received a letter from him in England, addressed to me in my maiden name, in which he informed me that there was an insurmountable bar to our ever being legally united, for that, in consequence of your positive commands, he was on the point of giving his hand to a young lady of an immense fortune.

LARBOARD.

I believe it will be his fortune to give his neck to an halter.

MARIA.

Upon which I immediately embarked, and having learnt the name of the lady, and time of the intended nuptials, I came post here to state my case, and appeal to your justice and humanity.

LARBOARD.

Say no more, I shall from this time consider you as my lawful niece:—Lady Oddly, to whom I must introduce you, will doubtless allot you a hammock in her house for the present; and it shall be my task to endeavour to bring your unworthy husband to a proper acknowledgement of his errors.

MARIA.

The weight of this obligation—

LARBOARD.

LARBOARD.

Call it merely an act of justice; you owe me no obligation; we are all subject to beat up the rough channel of misfortune, and split on the concealed rocks of villainy; it is, therefore, a duty we owe to each other, as a part of the crew of society, in our different voyages through life, to protect the injured and succour the distressed.

AIR XIV.

“ How poor is the man, tho’ he wealth should possess,
 “ Who the impulse of pity ne’er knew;
 “ But unfeeling could hear the sad tale of distress,
 “ And with-hold from misfortune its due.

“ The elements’ rigor much sooner I’d brave,
 “ Which my vessel on foul ground should strand;
 “ Or in Biscay’s rough bay meet a watery grave,
 “ Than I’d take such a wretch by the hand.”

[Exit LARBOARD leading off MARIA.]

SCENE, *an extensive Grove of Trees, decorated with festoons of flowers, lamps, &c. pendant from the branches:—on one side a part of SIR SOLOMON ODDLY’S House is seen; and between other wings, small booths for serving out refreshments to a company.*—STAVE, and a considerable number of male and female villagers, among which is MELVILLE in his disguise, hanging wreathes of flowers on the trees, and round their trunks; AUGUSTA pensively seated at the window of the house.

SESTETTO.

STAVE.	Come, come bustle away, The Sun is just setting:
FIRST WOMEN.	Now don’t tease us, we pray,
SECOND WOMEN.	You always are fretting:
STAVE.	If you frown my dear girls,—
FIRST WOMEN.	Well, what if we do?
STAVE.	You’ll never get married—
SECOND WOMEN.	That’s nothing to you,

MELVILLE. See on her hand she leans her cheek,
Perhaps she thinks on me,
[*observing* AUGUSTA.]
AUGUSTA. Ah! MELVILLE, where thou now but
there,
How should I gaze on thee.
STAVE. Come finish directly, pray try for't,
Her Ladyship's coming: [*looking behind.*]
MEN. Cease then your humming,
STAVE. And the bridegroom—good lack,
[*looking again*]
WOMEN. I'll peep if I die for't,
STAVE. Zooker's stand back.
[*All the women run towards the entrance.*]

STAVE.

Now my dear pretty little rogues, fall back,
pray fall back.

WOMEN.

Well, we will, we will.

STAVE.

Go then to your several stations:—You, Betty Brown, are to serve out the coffee to the gentlefolks to-morrow; Letty Dickens is to make tea; Christopher Codlin, you shall be master of the rolls; and I myself am appointed comptroller-general of the bottles and long corks.

Enter LADY ODDLY and Dr. CAMOMILE.

DOCTOR.

Really, the whole is laid out with prodigious taste.

[AUGUSTA goes from the window.]

LADY ODDLY.

See there, Sir, the obstinate creature immediately retires from the window at our approaching.

DOCTOR.

How cruelly perverse.

LADY ODDLY.

Well, honest people, I see you have completed your task.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR.

'Pon honor, a pleasing assemblage of rustic strength, and rural beauty.

[*Looking through a glass at the Villagers.*

LADY ODDLY.

I hope those girls who are to dance to-morrow before the visitors will make no false steps, and be very perfect in their figure.

STAVE.

You had better, damsels, shew her Ladyship what you can do:—lads, take your partners.

[*A Dance with wreathes of flowers and tamborins, during which Lady Oddly and Dr. Camomile are seated.*

DOCTOR.

Very well, very well, indeed.

LADY ODDLY.

Tolerable, tolerable. / (*seeing MELVILLE*) Stave, who is that strange young man leaning against the tree?

STAVE.

What, that?

LADY ODDLY,

No, that.

STAVE.

That! that!—Odd's bobs, the Captain! what shall I say, (*aside*) the strange young man, an please your Ladyship?

LADY ODDLY.

Yes!

STAVE.

His name is Mel—— (*stops himself.*

LADY ODDLY.

What?

STAVE.

Zookers, I was going to blab all. (*aside*) Why, my Lady, he is—that is—he lives at—in the—the neighbouring parish, and comes here to learn psalmody.

LADY ODDLY.

Learn psalmody and in my grounds!

STAVE.

STAVE.

Yes, my Lady.

LADY ODDLY.

What do you mean?

MELVILLE.

'Sdeath I shall be discovered.

STAVE.

No, no, an please your Ladyship—I, I mean at my cottage;—and so knowing him to be a lad of parts, I got him to come and give a helping hand in hanging the festoons;---that's all, upon my troth.

LADY ODDLY.

He's a very smart handsome young fellow, come from where he will

MELVILLE.

So, all is safe yet. I wish they would take their departure, that I might endeavour to speak with my lovely Augusta.

LADY ODDLY.

Come, girls, follow me to the hall, and I'll give you the ribbons you are to wear at the gala:—Stave you take care of the men:—Dr. Camomile will have the goodness to excuse me for ten minutes; and if he will make a turn round the canal, I will meet him on the lawn.

DOCTOR.

O pray, my Lady, *sans ceremonie*; the warbling of the birds will amuse me till your return.

[*Exeunt LADY ODDLY and female villagers.*
The DOCTOR retires to the top of the Stage.]

STAVE.

Now lads, hey off to the Old Plough on the hill, but be sure you don't get tipfical—till I come; [*Exit villagers*] [*To Melville*] 'Egad Captain, your woundy gentlemanlike appearance had like to have brought us both into a marvelous hobble.

MELVILLE.

It was your confounded hesitation that had nearly ruined all my hopes. 'Sdeath he here still!

[*Exeunt MELVILLE and STAVE.*]

Dr. CAMOMILE *solus*.

I have at length got a moment's respite from the antiquated mamma ;—the daughter is unquestionably the only tolerable creature in the family : no matter, the moment I have obtained her fortune I'll drive off to town, and quit for ever this mansion of absurdity. Ah! sure that's Lady Oddly's handsome bumpkin again ; what can he be loitering here behind his companions for ? He comes this way, and wishes, by his manner, to avoid being noticed !—I'll step into this arbour, and observe him attentively. [*Goes into the arbour.*]

Enter MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

The coast is at last clear—I'll seize the fortunate moment to discover myself to my immured angel.—Augusta! she does not hear me ; perhaps her flurried spirits may have sought relief in slumber!—if so, I'll gently wake her by the soft strains of her favourite serenade.

AIR XV.

The mind oppress'd—by sleep may hope,
To sooth corroding grief;
What hope, alas, if wayward love,
Denies its kind relief?
Rise then, my fair—thy slumbers cease,
And bless thy faithful swain;
Whose bosom only beats for thee,
Thy absence all his pain.
The mimic death ; oh, quick forsake,
Awake, my love—my love awake!

DOCTOR.

Here's a pretty discovery!—the bewitching clodhopper ;—this sufficiently accounts for artful Miss's repugnance to my addresses.

MELVILLE.

Hist, Augusta, 'tis thy Melville calls.

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

How impatient the rascal is!

(AUGUSTA appears at the window.)

AUGUSTA

My dear Captain!

DOCTOR.

Captain! the military in ambush; here's an unexpected mine sprung indeed;---but I may out-general the Captain yet.

MELVILLE.

My dearest Augusta, I have learnt from Stave your present disagreeable situation.

DOCTOR.

Oh! ho! that's the psalmody he taught you, I find!

MELVILLE.

Will you venture to descend?—a ladder is near at hand, and my horses are ready in the village; haste then, let us instantly fly together.

AUGUSTA.

To escape unobserved is at present impossible,

DOCTOR.

Faith that's truer than you are at present aware of.

AUGUSTA.

But I have secured Judith in our interest, who has faithfully promised to release me in an hour's time; be therefore ready near the garden-door that opens into the wood, (the key of which I have in my possession) exactly at ten o'clock, where I will not fail to meet you.

DOCTOR.

I shall certainly make bold to be of the party.

AUGUSTA.

Now pray retire, for fear of an unfortunate discovery!—remember the hour.

MELVILLE.

Rely upon my punctuality and honor.

AIR

AIR XVI. DUET, AUGUSTA and MELVILLE.

Till then adieu,
 Adieu my love;
 May no untoward fate decree,
 To blight our hopes in early bud,
 And tear my charmer far from me,
 Believe me to my purpose true,
 "Till next we meet, adieu, adieu!"

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*An entrance to SIR SOLOMON ODDLY's Garden from
 the Wood.* [The stage darkened.]

Enter DOCTOR CAMOMILE and LE FRIZZ.

DOCTOR.

Let me see—this is the garden-door which opens
 into the wood—"perhaps I had better have made
 " Sir Solomon and Lady Oddly acquainted with
 " their daughter's intended elopement, and then
 " have called her military lover to a severe ac-
 " count for his dishonorable bush-fighting, rather
 " than to have adopted my present plan—but 'tis
 " now too late."—Le Frizz conceal yourself be-
 hind those bushes, and keep a watchful eye on
 this spot, whilst I take a turn and see if he is ap-
 proaching through that avenue, "which seems to lead
 " immediately to the village, and be sure follow the
 " directions I have given you."

G

LE FRIZZ.

LE FRIZZ.

Oui, Monsieur, vous may dépendé pon moi.

[Exit.]

AIR XVII. DOCTOR.

Love's fev'rish fit
 Shall intermit,
 If ought my art avail;
 By searching pill,
 I'll try my skill;—
 Should that prescription fail,
 All my skill can invent,
 This pair to torment,
 Emetic, cathartic and lotion;
 Dilute, starve, and feed,
 Cup, plaister, and bleed,
 Couch, scarify, gargle, and potion.
 Next a bolus of bitters these lovers must swallow,
 And a sharp-biting blister shall instantly follow.

[Exit.]

Enter MELVILLE in his proper dress, attended by
 O'LIFFEY.

MELVILLE.

I fear it is past the hour of appointment—can
 you tell the time exactly, O'Liffey?

O'LIFFEY.

The time—by the time-piece, your honor, in my
 stomach, it must certainly be near supper-time—
 Oh, may the devil take this same love, say I, it will
 be the death of us both—there have I been cooped
 in that little psalm-finger's cabin these two hours,
 without even a solitary potatoe, or a toothful of
 whisky, to amuse my poor appetite.

MELVILLE.

Prithee hold thy idle tongue.

O'LIFFEY.

My idle tongue—Faith then, your honor, I
 wish my idle tongue was otherwise engaged, sure
 enough—I am honestly indebted three meals to
 my stomach, and can't get one to bail me—"I
 have confessed judgment to hunger, and famine
 " will

"will certainly serve execution on me"—Well, of all the living deaths in this wide world, keep poor Barney O'Liffey from starvation!

MELVILLE.

Are you sure that my pistols are safe in the pockets of the chaise, and your's placed in the holsters of your saddle.

O'LIFFEY.

Yes, your honor—I'm well enough armed, I wish I was as well fed—but should there be an occasion, hunger, and the hopes of getting to a plentiful inn, have made me so desperate that I could act wonders for the honor of little Ireland—

MELVILLE.

Hark, the village-clock strikes the hour [*the clock strikes ten*] ten, we are JUST IN TIME, then.

O'LIFFEY.

Pray, Sir, saving your presence, does the old gentleman in black walk here?

MELVILLE.

They tell us he's every where.—

O'LIFFEY.

Lord help my foolish head---I thought he had business enough in London to keep him from rambling into the country---though to make confession, your honour, to be sure there is the devil to pay and play too sometimes in my own dear country.

MELVILLE.

Where did you leave your horse?

O'LIFFEY.

My horse;---I left him comfortably eating his supper, near the *bottom* of the old tree at the *top* of the hill, as happy, poor soul, as liberty and good grass could make him.---O, Wirastrewa! I wish his poor master was half as well off.

MELVILLE.

Grazing, you blockhead!--run directly and make him fast to the chaise in the thicket.

G 2

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

Make him fast to the chaise! well I will, your honor.-- Upon my soul this master of mine seems determined that neither man nor beast shall have a mouthful in comfort with his consent -- () what would I give now to sit down to a comfortable slice of corn-beef, with about a dozen mealy potatoes with their jackets on. *[Exit]*

Enter DOCTOR CAMOMILE and LE FRIZZ on opposite sides of the stage, with pistols.--MELVILLE on seeing them starts back.

MELVILLE.

Ha! surprised by two armed men--do you come to rob me?

DOCTOR.

No, captain, you are the robber, who come thus, free-booter like, to carry from these domains that treasure which I claim, and which her friends are resolved I shall possess.

MELVILLE.

I know you now!

DOCTOR.

Then instantly resign all pretensions to the lady, and quit this place for ever, or--

MELVILLE.

No power on earth shall force me to concessions in violation of my love or injurious to my honor,

DOCTOR.

Since that is your determination, Le Frizz assist me in securing this bold adventurer.

[As they advance to seize MELVILLE enter LARBOARD behind.]

LARBOARD.

How! two arm'd pirates about to board one poor defenceless vessel!

LARBOARD steps in between DOCTOR CAMOMILE and MELVILLE, and seizes the former by the arm.

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Zounds! my old uncle, by all that's honest.

[Drops his pistol.

[MELVILLE immediately turns upon LE FRIZZ and strikes him, who runs out calling murder, fire, &c. MELVILLE follows beating him.]

LARBOARD

My hopeful nephew, by all that's villainous—
So, Sir, I now find I cannot even take a solitary evening's walk without running foul of some of your enormities.

DOCTOR.

Sir, when you are made acquainted a little—

LARBOARD

I am acquainted with too much already.

DOCTOR.

But this man, Sir, is my insidious rival.

LARBOARD.

Not in the affections of poor Maria.

DOCTOR.

Ah! Maria—then he knows all, and I am ruined [*aside.*]

LARBOARD.

If any thing could make you more despicable than your shameful conduct to an amiable woman it would be your affassin-like attempt on a gentleman, who appears, by his uniform, to have the honor to bear his Majesty's commission,

DOCTOR.

But my dear uncle.—

LARBOARD.

No reply, my dear puppy—I won't hear a word; if ever you hope to obtain my forgiveness, and be appointed to the command of my fortune, reconcile yourself to your injured wife, and make an ample apology to the insulted officer, or, damn me, never dare look an honest or a brave man in the face again whilst you live.

DOCTOR.

My duty to you, Sir, will induce me strictly to obey your injunction.

LAR-

LARBOARD.

I wish you could assign a better motive than your duty to me. for striking the flag of vice and hoisting over it the standard of virtue.

[CAMOMILE bows.—*Exeunt on opposite sides of the stage.*

SCENE.

A Park-like paling, inclosing a plantation

Enter MELVILLE and O'LIFFEY.

MELVILLE.

S'death that yelping cur of a Swiss has alarmed the whole village.—

O'LIFFEY.

I never heard such an howling as the outlandish brute made, in all my born days before.

MELVILLE.

The bustle has unquestionably prevented Augusta from keeping her appointment—be on the watch, O'Liffey, [*Exit O'LIFFEY.*] I must return to the spot, if but to make my acknowledgements to the stranger who so generously came to my relief—Yet should I be discovered by the villagers, the reputation of my Augusta might suffer in the opinion of a censorious world—it ill becomes a soldier to avoid an enemy.

AIR XIX.

But war, the spear, and tented field
No longer now my bosom burns,
To love triumphant I must yield,
While rage to softer passion turns.—

Enter O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

O, thunder anounds, your honor, I hear the whole troop advancing.

MELVILLE.

The noise still approaches nearer.

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY

I see them now in the thicket—by the number of their lanthorns there must be at least forty men, women and children, armed with shillelahs, sickles, scythes, pitchforks, pokers, and the devil knows what.—They have laid rough hands on the smooth legs of my poor beast, who is kicking, dear creature, as if he was—in the fits.

MELVILLE.

Ha! here's a fenced coppice—I'll get over it for a moment, and so avoid them should they pass this way—O'Liffey, follow me [*gets over the fence.*]

O'LIFFEY.

Follow you—O, by my soul you have got on the right side for once, and to be sure I'll not be after you—when I was a boy, I was always the devil for climbing after forbidden fruit, and little birds nests—what's the matter with you now, O'Liffey? Arrah sure I have got over a higher place than this in my time—troth I think I am about to do some great good deed, and the old gentleman in black is pulling me back again—my dear friend, Barney, you had better try again, or you may chance to get your bones well thrashed by some of those spalpeens flails;—now I'm up, I think I can easily find my way to the bottom without a finger post [*sits on the top of the paling*]. Faith 'tis not every one that is *elevated* can save his neck so easily by dropping.—so down you go Barney. [*jumps down.*]

SCENE

Changes to a distant part of SIR SOLOMON ODDLY'S Garden, the Moon appears rising.

Enter AUGUSTA, with JUDITH,

AUGUSTA.

Good Judith, make no more delays—I'm sure 'tis past the hour—he'll be all impatience.

JUDITH

JUDITH.

La, Miss, if he is not I'm sure I know who is—
well, I can't blame you, for truly he's a delicious
youth, such a shape—such an air!—eyes like dia-
monds, and just the nose that I admire.

AUGUSTA.

Prithee, no more words, but pray begone.

JUDITH.

Bless us, how ~~hasty~~ we lovers are [Exit.

AUGUSTA.

The fortunate difference between my father and
the old Commodore, may for ever release me from
the odious addresses of the Doctor—it has at least
prevented the necessity of an immediate elope-
ment—though the conscious moon seems to invite
me, by its silver light, to fulfil my promise, and
fly with the man I adore.

AIR XX. RONDEAU.

“ Ye sable clouds, O veil those beams,
“ Which tempt my willing heart
“ To trace the moss-grown path along,
“ And prompt me to depart,
“ Assist me, Prudence, cautious maid,
“ To sway my doubting breast,
“ Bring sober reason to thy aid,
“ And bid this rebel rest;
“ Yet, O my Melville, still to you
“ This bosom beats with passion true.”

[AUGUSTA retires to a garden-chair under a tree.

Enter MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

“ This place is all enchantment—I cannot ob-
“ serve a human creature---yet I thought I heard
“ a female voice, charming as a syren's---Ha!
“ Augusta---it cannot be!”

AUGUSTA.

Melville!

MEL-

MELVILLE.

It is, by all that's happy—The same, and your's
for ever. *[They embrace.]*

AUGUSTA.

Where's Judith?

MELVILLE.

I have not seen her.

AUGUSTA.

How did you come here then?

MELVILLE.

I leap'd the paling to avoid being discovered,
and love and chance have guided me to all my
foul desires.

AUGUSTA.

Come then, let us retire privately to the house
for a few moments and devise some means to se-
cure our union without a clandestine elopement.
I may be sought for and discovered here.

MELVILLE.

Rather let us put it out of fortune's power to
part us again.

AUGUSTA.

No, Melville, 'tis my province to rule before
marriage—your's after. A violent fracas has hap-
pily arisen between Sir Solomon and his old com-
panion; the best of it is, my father resolutely de-
clares that he never will consent to my marrying
the nephew of such an overbearing passionate old
man. Judith shall therefore conduct you privately
to the village, and in the morning you may, if
you please, make a formal proposal to my father;
if he rejects it, I will submit implicitly to your
direction.

MELVILLE.

Which shall be to take a trip to Scotland.

AIR XXI. DUET.

MELVILLE.

Believe charming maid,
A fond youth, who adores you,
The sure way to be happy,
Lies open before you ;
The paths deck'd with flow'rets.
By Hymen implanted,
From seeds of true love ;
And by Cupid 'tis haunted.—

AUGUSTA.

Rely dearest youth,
You know I regard you,
Their arts shall not triumph,
In vain they discard you.
I'll fly with you chearly,
Like hind o'er the mountain,
The bird swift in flight,
Or quick stream from the fountain.

MELVILLE. Then say shall we soon be united for ever ?

AUGUSTA. We will, nor shall fate my affections e'er sever.

TOGETHER.

Then no dangers we'll fear, which our foes may intend us,
While honor presides love will ever befriend us,

(Exeunt towards the house.)

SCENE *changes again to the entrance to SIR SOLO-*
MON ODDLY's Garden from the Wood.

Enter Dr. CAMOMILE,
DOCTOR.

This wood has in it so many turnings and bye paths, that by passing some of the most obscure of them the Captain has eluded my endeavours to meet him, in order to comply with my uncle's desire, by making him an apology; but if he is resolved to keep his appointment he must unavoidably return to this place——

JUDITH *opens the Garden Door.*

The garden door opens!

JUDITH.

JUDITH.

Hift, hift, Captain Melville.

DOCTOR.

This is Augusta's maid!—What can be the reason of her coming here instead of her mistress?—my curiosity is excited—I'll see what it means.

JUDITH.

Captain Melville, is it you?

DOCTOR.

There can be no harm in humouring the mistake, and seeing the issue of the adventure. (*aside*) Yes, it is me, speak softly—I fear we are observed.

JUDITH.

I hope not—Lord tis very dark—the moon is now quite hid behind the clouds—well it is a pleasant time for lovers---if I had a sweetheart, I think I should like the dark wonderfully.

DOCTOR.

What does the amorous Abigail mean?

JUDITH.

My young mistress, poor little soul, is so impatient---indeed, Captain, I believe she doats on you.

DOCTOR.

Hum ;—come lead me then to her.

JUDITH.

Well, you have the softest hand that ever I felt.

DOCTOR.

S'death, lead on.

(*Exit into the Garden.*)

SCENE, *the inside of the garden.*

Enter JUDITH *and* Dr. CAMOMILE.

JUDITH.

How!—the bird is fled—she has perhaps taken a turn into the next walk—do you step into yonder arbour until I see if the old lady and gentleman are safe, and I'll send Miss to you here directly.—Captain, indeed!—I never met such a tame cold

H 2

creature

creature in my life before —little Stave's worth a thousand of him.—

[Exit JUDITH.

[DOCTOR CAMOMILE *retires into the arbour.*

Enter O'LIFFEY, with a large hedge-flake.

O'LIFFEY.

Oh, the heavens preserve you, poor Barny O'Liffey.—I have been groping about this desert of a garden full half an hour, and can't find either myself nor my poor master—I expect every step I take to be shot by some of them devils of spring guns, or put my foot in the mouth of some great gridiron of a man-trap, with teeth as long as my arm!—"and what's worse than all, I'm in danger " of being drowned, for 'tis so dark that I can't " see a great big moat from a bowling-green"—Oh may the devil confound this same love, I say, over and over again—a mighty pretty figure I should be after making here if I was discovered—arrah what could I say?—I could expect nothing less sure than to be hanged up alive—O Barny, O poor Barny O'Liffey—if I was to lose my life now I'd never forgive my master if I was to live for fifty years after.—[Dr. CAMOMILE *comes from the arbour.*] Arrah, is not that my hopeful knight-errant of a master, Captain Melville, coming down the walk—O the heavens be praised, I have blundered on him at last, however.

DOCTOR.

Perhaps I had better not have entered the garden in the manner I have.

O'LIFFEY.

By my troth I was just now saying the same thing, and likewise, that I had acted more like a madman than a man of sense in following you, not that I, in the least, feared that *dirty* puppy of a Doctor

a Doctor, for may my poor eyes never see sweet day-light again if I don't think him a most contemptible poltroon.

DOCTOR.

'Sdeath, this is some servant of the Captain's that has mistaken me for his master, and followed us into the garden---it must be so.

O'LIFFEY.

Ha, ha, ha! I am thinking, your honour, should we be successful, and take away the young lady, how that poor devil of a Doctor will rave and swear.---Oh if I had him here just now, to be sure I wou'd n't unfrizzle his top-not---ogh to be sure an I wou'd; I'd dust his coat for him with this little bit of a twig in my fist, here.

DOCTOR.

This is almost too much to be borne---but I'll be calm, and not discover myself.

O'LIFFEY.

Hush, there's somebody coming this way---upon my soul by the rustling it must be a petticoat---O ho!---I begin to smell a plot, and so, as I hate to spoil sport, I'll beat a bit of a retreat just into the next walk---for though the moon may not be ashamed of twinkling her face upon these occasions, that no reason I should lend her a hand to put my master out of countenance; as, with all her peeping, she'll not enable him to distinguish a peach from a potatoe. [Exit.

DOCTOR.

It shall be so, I'll revenge myself on her pride by my indifference, and boast to her of the regard I have for another, which in honor and duty I ought to have.---Egad I'll go immediately and acquaint Lady Oddly with my resolution.---

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

Good heavens---Frederic! *[aside and agitated.*

DOCTOR

DOCTOR.

I did not flatter myself, a few moments ago, of having the honor of meeting you here.

MARIA.

I have but too much reason to know it.

DOCTOR.

I have, however, to thank your convenient domestic for the introduction.

MARIA.

My domestic!--he certainly mistakes me for Augusta. *[aside.]*

DOCTOR.

Be under no apprehensions, Madam—from this moment I shall not endeavour to counteract your wishes or disturb your peace.

MARIA.

O that he addressed those sentiments with sincerity to me. *[aside.]*

DOCTOR.

For had a union taken place between us, I confess it had been merely a mercenary one on my part, a previous engagement to another lady preventing me from sufficiently estimating your merits.---

MARIA.

My hopes revive. *[aside.]*

DOCTOR.

In short, Madam, an accident has happen'd that has awakened my conscience, and as I confess myself a penitent—it is now my fixed intention to do justice to my injured Maria—to lay my fortune at her feet—and to employ her pardon.

MARIA.

Know then Maria grants it.

DOCTOR.

Amazement, Maria!--is it impossible? and can you forgive?

MARIA.

Pray no more, my Frederic, let us then instantly make your worthy uncle, and Sir Solomon

Solomon's family acquainted with this our fortunate interview.

DOCTOR.

Which I flatter myself will be the means of reconciling all parties.

MARIA.

It has at least rendered me the happiest of women.

AIR XXIII.

The shipwreck'd tar, on billows tost'd,
Lash'd to some plank, and fighting;
The land in view he hoped to gain,
Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapless doom;
Should Fortune save him from despair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

O, by my soul, a plot sure enough!—I overheard the last part of their conversation—and so we are on Mr. Sir Solomon's premises after all—well, I and my master were most certainly born under a pair of lucky planets.---I once had my fortune told me by a cunning old woman in the county of Tipperary, and she said I should be in danger of being starved, drowned, and hanged, but that I might be preserved for a tight smart neat bit of a girl, with a —— but who the devil's a coming now?---another petticoat by all that's temptations---now, Mr. Barny O'Liffey, you shall have a little bit of a plot of your own---I'll say a tender thing or two to her that will trip up the heels of her heart---O, leave an Irishman alone for that.---

Enter

Enter JUDITH.

JUDITH.

Captain Melville, I can't find Miss Augusta, but I guess she is gone to her dressing room, where if you please you may follow her, for all is safe, and you may venture.—

O'LIFFEY.

Oh, ho, snug's the word (*aside*) I'm extremely glad, my jewel, to hear all is safe, but he has ventured already.—

JUDITH.

Ah, a stranger!—who are you?—what do you want? how got you here?

O'LIFFEY.

Not so fast, my dear---why if your sweet little bit of a charming tongue gallops at this rate, how the devil can I keep pace with you? Arrah, begin again, my jewel, if you please, and let us have one question before the other, and then I'll answer you.

JUDITH.

Well then---what are you?

O'LIFFEY.

Captain Melville's Irish portmanteau, honey---I carry his travelling equipage---I was born at Templeoge, in the County of Dublin, and my name is Barney O'Liffey, at your service---there now, my jewel, I have given you my birth, parentage, and education, in a minute.

JUDITH.

How did you get in?

O'LIFFEY.

Like a bird, my jewel---I scrambled up the wall, and then hopp'd down into the garden like a magpie---

JUDITH.

And pray where is your master?—I left him here.

O'LIFFEY.

My Master! oh, my dear he's just gone, and
is

is now engaged with your mistress—and I, like a good servant, mean to follow his example with her maid. *[takes hold of her.]*

JUDITH.

None of your liberties, friend—

O'LIFFEY.

Liberties!---arra, get out with your self and your liberties, dy'e think I'd be so timbersom with you?

JUDITH.

I don't want to know---but come give a better account of yourself.---

O'LIFFEY.

Account of myself---hav'nt I told you, my jewel, that I'm an Irishman, and is not that plenty of intelligence for any woman breathing---however, if you insist upon being better acquainted with me, you must know that I am a bird of chance as well as passage.---

JUDITH.

What's that?

O'LIFFEY.

What's that?---One, my sweet creature, that likes all countries and customs alike, Ireland, Seringapatam, Venus, Constantinople, Clonakilty, or the Bog of Allan, are all the same to Barny O'Liffey, who still carries with him a light heart, aye, and a tinder one, all the world over.

JUDITH

A smart fellow, as I hope to be married! he may assist me in my scheme to rouse the jealousy of Stave, and induce him to do me that justice he has so often promised; (*aside*) Are all women, as well as countries and customs, alike to you?

O'LIFFEY.

All of the right side of thirty, my dear.

JUDITH.

Then there is hopes for me, for I want a month of it.

I

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

A month! O then you'll see what a month we'll make of it—Oh, by my soul, it shall be the month of months—Come thorum poge ma Colleen Dals! put your arms about my neck and seal the bargain at once.

JUDITH.

What the deuce would the man be at?

O'LIFFEY.

What would I be at! Arrah why d'ye ask me such a foolish question? Oh, I'll stick to you like the oak to the ivy.

JUDITH.

The charming fellow!—You are very warm in your endearments. If I should be good-natured and like you, could you be constant?

O'LIFFEY.

Constant! Faith you may say that; I'll be as constant as the moon, or any other star in the firmament.

AIR XXIV.

In Freedom I'd live, though your Slave I may be,

Sing farinina, fin farinane

O then to your arms my sweet creature take me,

Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth d'ye see.

With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if while you love, from a breast full of hate,

Sing farinina, fin farinane;

You make me a widow in spite of old fate,

When dead you shall never again see me mate.

With my chic a che, &c.

Then whilst we stand still, let us pleasure pursue,

Sing farinana, fin farinane;

I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view,

For the fig t that is black always makes me look blue,

With my chic a che, &c.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,

Sing farinina, fin farinane.

The rest I'd forsake, and to you wou'd be true;

Then your trishman love, ogh I see that you do;

With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Enter

Enter STAVE behind them.

STAVE.

Hey day!

JUDITH.

We'll go in then and talk more of it.

O'LIFFEY.

Talk more of it, ay, and by my soul we'll make more of it too, if I'm not mistaken, arrah—shan't we my jewel?

STAVE.

Not 'till the last amen is said over little Stave.

O'LIFFEY.

No—that's foolish enough now; come, come Judy-gra, do now, and convince this clod-hopping register of marriages and births—that we intend employing him soon in both cases.

JUDITH.

You see, Stave, I am not on my last legs—therefore say, will you marry me to-morrow—ay, or no.

STAVE.

Ay, on the word of a Clerk—for a friend here, [*laying his hand on his breast,*] tells me, that when a woman through love has placed her honor in the keeping of a man—he must be unworthy of leading a psalm, if he does not take her to his bosom, for better and for worse.

JUDITH.

Then there's my hand.

O'LIFFEY.

Oh, thunder and nouns—what a devil of an uncertain thing this love is—arrah Judy, Judy, (*taking her hand*) sure you would not be after playing the fool with yourself, you devil.

JUDITH.

(*Withdrawing her hand*). Indeed, friend, I have only been playing with you to secure my Stave's hand, who has long had my heart.

O'LIFFEY.

Your heart—If that's the case, my jewel, why then I'll not stand betwixt and between you, as O'Liffey

I 2

would

would not give a rap for your love, unless your heart was flung into the bargain,—so my tight little psalm-finger, give me your hand,—I heartily wish you happy—tho' I am sure you'll sing your psalms devilishly out of tune before the honeymoon's over.

STAVE.

No, we mean to become candidates for the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon—don't we Judith?

JUDITH.

Yes, and for the honor of humble matrimony, we'll win it too.

O'LIFFEY.

Flitch of Bacon? Ay, win it, and *wear* it, and the Devil burn him that ever wishes to deprive you of a rasher of it.

AIR XXII. DUET.

STAVE.	You my damsel be but kind,
JUDITH.	And you ne'er prove a rover,
STAVE.	A truer lad you'll never find,
JUDITH.	I'faith we'll live in clover,
BOTH.	Then quick away,
	We'll hence be gay,
	Nor think of care or sorrow,
JUDITH.	But laugh and dance,
STAVE.	And kiss and play,
BOTH.	To-morrow and to-morrow,

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE. AUGUSTA'S Apartment.

Enter AUGUSTA and MELVILLE.

AUGUSTA.

Believe me, Melville, I dispensed with all my sex's little dissembling arts, not doubting but I should make you more truly mine, by an undisguised confession of the partiality I felt for you.

MELVILLE.

By your dear self I swear.

AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.

Hold, hold, I am not to be deceived, like too many of my sex, by the alluring prospects of delusive hope, which have too often no better foundation than the airy vows of an admirer.

AIR XXV,

Fancy paints the flattering scene,
And courage animates her mien,
On Hope's smooth pinions see her rise,
She leaves the earth to soar in skies,
'Tis love's delusion fans her wings,
And while she soars, she chearful sings.

*Sir SOLOMON ODDLY and Commodore LARBOARD
without.*

SIR SOLOMON.

Old Larboard, how can you suppose that my little Augusta would introduce a man into the house.

LARBOARD.

I tell you once more, I saw them.

AUGUSTA.

Heavens!—what shall we do? here's my father coming.

MELVILLE.

Don't be alarmed, my love, he may as well know of our attachment now, as hereafter.

AUGUSTA.

Not for the universe; if he should discover you here, in this clandestine manner, I should forfeit his good opinion for ever.

SIR SOLOMON.

Augusta, my pretty innocent, open the door.

LARBOARD.

Ay, ay, open the door.

AUGUSTA.

How unfortunate—there is no way for you to escape—pray let me prevail on you to step into this closet till they are gone.

MELVILLE.

Dispose of me in what manner you please.

MEL-

MELVILLE goes into the closet, AUGUSTA locks it,
and then opens the room door.

Enter Sir SOLOMON and Commodore LARBOARD,

SIR SOLOMON.

There, now you see, you obstinate man, that no person is here but my girl—What is the matter lovey?—you seem all in a flutter.

AUGUSTA.

Indeed, Sir, I am a little disconcerted.

LARBOARD.

I saw the lug-sail boat run into this very creek, and here he has let go anchor—It is impossible I should be deceived.

SIR SOLOMON.

I tell you once again you are always deceived; your hopeful nephew deceived you, and you are deceived in your opinion of my daughter.

LARBOARD.

Pray, Miss, favour Sir Solomon with the key of this cabin.

SIR SOLOMON.

No, she shall not—I wont suffer her to give such an unbeliever any further proofs of her innocence. What does the man think the poor dear creature has got a beau hid in her bandbox?

LARBOARD.

Very well; very well! act as you please—I meant all for the best.

SIR SOLOMON.

Come, my little May-flower, convince this suspicious man that his surmises are without foundation.

AUGUSTA.

What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, excuse me.

SIR SOLOMON.

Give me the key, this instant; I insist upon it.

AUGUSTA.

All is ruin'd! [*Aside.*]

LARBOARD.

Now you'll see who is in the right—I assure you, old Larboard, you'll make a very ridiculous figure here

here, after all. (*unlocks the closet door and discovers MELVILLE.*) Hey-day! Zounds who have we here? Sir, your most obedient. Why, Augusta, child, you seem, indeed, a little disconcerted.

LARBOARD.

What, my fighting friend again! I assure you, old Oddly, you'll make a very ridiculous figure here, after all!

SIR SOLOMON.

'Pshaw, you're a fool. Pray, Sir, who the devil are you?

MELVILLE.

Your daughter's lover, Sir.

SIR SOLOMON.

I guessed as much—Some very honourable fortune-hunter, I suppose—and she is an exceeding prudent, modest, young heiress; and as you seem so perfectly formed for each other, I desire you would both quit my house for ever: for I shall no longer consider myself as her father.

LARBOARD.

Then I shall.

MELVILLE.

[*To Sir Solomon*] I disclaim, Sir, every idea of design on your daughter's fortune, having honourably acquired, in the East, wealth sufficient to enable me to support her in that sphere of life to which her mental and personal accomplishments so justly entitle her.

SIR SOLOMON.

A nabob, by all that's lucky—Pray, Sir, proceed—I have a better opinion of you, by half, than I had a minute ago.

MELVILLE.

If you will bless me with your consent to make Augusta mine for life, 'tis all I wish or hope for.

SIR SOLOMON.

Why, gad take me, you are a very sensible young fellow, and I should like you for a son-in-law

law wonderfully—I knew you was a great person the first moment I saw you stuck up in the closet, like an Egyptian mummy in a packing case.

LARBOARD.

Come, Oddly, give them a Letter of Marque, to sail to the land of matrimony, under convoy of your approbation.

SIR SOLOMON.

So I will if he can obtain my daughter's consent, for let me tell you it entirely depends upon that---for I, and her mamma, were always resolved never to force our child's inclinations.—There is no danger of a refusal (*aside*) What says my little weeping-willow.

AUGUSTA.

I am all obedience, Sir, to your wishes.

SIR SOLOMON.

But no fortune whilst I live.

MELVILLE.

I desire none, Sir.

SIR SOLOMON.

La, la, de ra de (*sings*) The best bargain I ever made in my life. Here, take my daughter, and treat her as she deserves. I'm so pleased with you both, that, as I hope to live, I'm afraid I shall die a year sooner than I intended to make you amends. Give me a kiss, you little, charming, smiling, obliging, dutiful, rogue, you. But zookers, where is my lady all this time?

LARBOARD.

Here she comes, full sail, with the whole crew of the village in her wake.

Enter Lady ODDLY followed by LE FRIZZ, and a number of Villagers.

LADY ODDLY.

Oh, Sir Solomon, these good people have seized and brought to the hall, a post-chaise and four, in which our minx of a daughter was going to elope; there's a discovery for you!

SIR

SIR SOLOMON.

No discovery at all, my life!

LADY ODDLY.

What you knew of it?

SIR SOLOMON.

Yes, and have effectually prevented her from making such another attempt.

LADY ODDLY.

That's well—but how?

SIR SOLOMON.

By the only certain method—that of having agreed to see her married to the man with whom she was on the point of taking wing.

LADY ODDLY.

What, Sir, without deigning to consult me on the occasion? (*Seeing Melville.*) As I live, Stave's handsome psalm-finging pupil, without his disguise. I now see the whole of the business.

LARBOARD.

Lady Oddly, I am sure, will not be less generous to the young couple than Sir Solomon.

LADY ODDLY.

Well, I'll give my consent on three conditions.

SIR SOLOMON.

Name them.

LADY ODDLY.

First, that she is married to-morrow, agreeably to what I have all along asserted. Secondly, that my gala shall be given on the occasion, with additional splendor; and lastly, that Sir Solomon shall spend the winter season in town; for which purpose an elegant residence shall be taken for my reception in one of the fashionable Squares.

SIR SOLOMON.

Agreed.

AUGUSTA.

My dear madam, your approbation was only wanting to complete our happiness.

LARBOARD.

Poor Maria—could I see her as happy now.

K

SIR

SIR SOLOMON.

Maria—here she comes—and, egad, she seems to have been a closet-hunting too.

LARBOARD.

My nephew with her---Why, who knows but that this little vessel may be righted by the same spring tide.

Enter DOCTOR CAMOMILE and MARIA.

I see by the signal of content being hoisted that you have reconciled yourself to your amiable wife.

DOCTOR.

My behaviour to you, Sir, has been so unwarrantable, that I can scarcely hope you will pardon what is past, or ever receive me as your friend.

(The Ladies converse apart.)

MELVILLE.

Your apology, Sir, is sufficient, I can be no man's enemy.

LARBOARD.

Well, old boy, what are you studying about?

SIR SOLOMON.

Why, I was thinking how to introduce the occurrences of this evening into my Memoirs of the Court of Aldermen, and in which you shall have honourable mention, for I ever thought you a worthy fellow in the worst of our quarrels---but for our lives to come——

LARBOARD.

Awaft, brother, I believe we had better not make any more protestations, for fear of forfeits.

LADY ODDLY.

I give you all joy. *[The ladies come forward.]*

SIR SOLOMON.

And wide be it extended; no brow shall wear the cloud of discontent---but let the whole hamlet ring with rustic merriment.

Enter STAVE, JUDITH, and O'LIFFEY.

STAVE

Egad we are all JUST IN TIME then to claim a pardon

pardon under your worship's general declamation of peace and good fellowship.

LADY ODDLY.

You scarcely merit it, but I hope you will be more careful hereafter, how you again become the agent of a love affair in our family.

STAVE.

Why, an please your Ladyship, his honour had such a winning way with him, that it weighed down all my resolution—But I'll never teach a captain to sing psalms again while I live—unless it is to oblige your Ladyship's *personality*.

SIR SOLOMON,

Lovers take hands—Nay let us join too; (*To LARBOARD*) and as soon as the morning peeps we'll haste to church, and see these made man and wife (*To MEL. and AUG.*) and this pair reunited.

(*To Dr. CAM. and MARIA.*)

O'LIFFEY.

Faith, and O'Liffey though last, will be one of the first in the throng.

SIR SOLOMON,

In the mean time let us drown all past embarrassments in a hearty cup.

STAVE.

Amen.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Now let the village bells ring round,
The pipes shrill notes and taber found,
The mazy dance and mirthful song,
The festive board and joyous throng,
Hither bring with frolic gay,
To join the lovers roundelay.

Dull care no more shall dare appear,
With languid step and falling tear,
For laughing joy with sprightly vest,
Has chased her far from every breast.

Now let the village bells ring round, &c.

FINIS.

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